

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI FRIDAY JULY 8, 1892

VOL. XIII, NO. 13

J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE—R. F. HENRY'S Drug Store, south side

A. P. WILLARD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Continues to practice in all branches of the profession. Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office up stairs in brick block north of square. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

W. W. SELWAY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE OVER UNION BANK.
Residence 11-12 blocks south of Becker's Hotel.
Calls attended in town or country, day or night

O. W. AVERY,
Electric Physician

Will give special attention to the treatment of chronic diseases. Office in rear of Union Bank, down stairs. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 and 2 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

J. F. RICE,
Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE—Over Weaver Bros. Grocery store.
RESIDENCE WITH J. W. BARNARD

G. A. GOBEN,
SURGEON AND GYNECOLOGIST

OFFICE—One door south of southeast corner square. Visits in town \$1.50 each; in country \$1.00 per mile. Bills due when patient is discharged.

H. S. STRICKLAND,
HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

KIRKSVILLE, - - MISSOURI

DR. T. H. BOSCHOW
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
From the
8th to the 24th of Each Month.

He treats chronic or long standing disease successfully, especially diseases of the lungs, throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc. Nervous affections and all diseases arising from impure blood. Office two doors east of Keller's dry goods store.

P. F. GREENWOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

KIRKSVILLE, - MISSOURI
OFFICE Over First National Bank, first door to the right.

S. L. PROUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

KIRKSVILLE, MO.,
All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. OFFICE—Over J. Fowler's Drugstore, West side.

J. C. THATCHER,
INSURANCE

—AND—
LAND AGENT

South Side of the Square, Kirksville, Mo.,
Fire and Marine Insurance Agency in the city. Established 1874.

JOHN M. DAVIS,
Pension and Claim Agent

OFFICE—Over Brown's Harness Shop.
Pensions, Bounties and all other claims against the government, prosecuted with promptness; also notary public. Pensioners when having vouchers filled must bring certificates.

JOHN ROBERTS,
Boot and Shoemaker

All work guaranteed. Fine sewed work a specialty. Third door East of the North-east corner of the square.

R. M. BUCKMASTER,
Dealer in all kinds of

Musical Instruments

Store at residence, No. 115 Franklin street, second door east of Eyer's Grocery. Fine pianos and organs in stock. Call and examine.

THOS. SEES, JAS. SEES.
SEES & SON,

Builders Contractors and Superintendents

FINE DWELLINGS A SPECIALTY.
Plans furnished without extra charge.

\$100 Reward.

I beg to advise my patrons and neighbors that there are several peddlers traveling the country claiming to be Mr. Hirschberg or connected with him in business, and trying to impose upon the public at large, by offering an inferior class of Spectacles and Eye-Glasses of Hirschberg's Diamond and Non-Changeable Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. Do not be deceived by such impostors, their representations are false. My goods are not handled by "Peddlers," as we have local agents. A reward of \$100 will be given to any one securing the name and whereabouts of such parties.

Respectfully, PROF. H. HIRSCHBERG,
629 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.
W. G. Fout, agent for Kirksville, Mo.

SEND FOR IT,

*Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results, is the title of a new book of 32 pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent, and a record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other Physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,
1530 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.
Please mention this paper.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Philippa rose. "I must go," she said.

I pressed food and wine upon her; she would take nothing. She made, however, no objection to my accompanying her to her home. We left the house by the casement by which she entered. Together we stepped out on the snow whitened road. She took my arm and we walked toward her home.

I asked her with whom she was staying. She told me with a widow lady and two children, named Wilson. She went to them at Sir Mervyn Ferrand's command. Mrs. Wilson, he told her, was a distant connection of his own, and he had made arrangements for her to look after Philippa during her illness.

"What name do they know you by?" I asked.

"He said I was to call myself by the false name, which, for purposes of his own, he chose to pass under. But I felt myself absolved from my promise of secrecy. Why should I stay in a strange house with strange people or Sir Mervyn Ferrand's request, unless I could show good cause for doing so? So I told Mrs. Wilson everything.

"She believed you?"

"She was bound to believe me. I would have no doubt cast upon my word. I showed her the certificate of my marriage. Whatever she may have thought at first, she saw then that I was his wife. No one else knows it except her. To her I am Lady Ferrand. Like me, she never dreamed to what man's villainy can reach. Oh, Basil! Basil! why are such men allowed to live?"

For the first time Philippa seemed to break down. Till now the chief characteristics of her mood had been scorn and anger. Now, sheer grief for the time appeared to sweep away every other emotion. Sob after sob broke from her. I endeavored to calm her—to comfort her. Alas! how little I could say or do to this end! She leaned heavily and despondently on my arm, and for a long while we walked in silence. At last she told me her home was close at hand.

"Listen, Philippa," I said; "I shall come in with you and see this lady with whom you are staying. I shall tell her I am your brother, that for some time I have known how shamefully your husband has neglected you; and that now, with your full consent, I mean to take you away. Whether this woman believes in our relationship or not, matters nothing. I suppose she knows that man is coming to-morrow. After his heartless desertion, she cannot be surprised at your wish to avoid meeting him."

I paused. Philippa bent her head as if assenting to my plan.

"To-morrow," I continued, "long before that wretch comes here to poison the very air we breathe, I shall come and fetch you. Early in the morning I will send my servant for your luggage. Mrs. Wilson may know me and my man by sight. That makes no difference. There need be no concealment. You are free to come and go. You have no one to fear. On Thursday morning we will leave this place."

"Yes," said Philippa, dreamily, "to-morrow I will leave—I will come to you. But I will come alone. In the evening, most likely, when no one will know where I have gone."

"But how much better that I should take you away openly and in broad daylight, as a brother would take a sister!"

"No: I will come to you. You will not mind waiting, Basil. There is something I must do first. Something to be done to-morrow. Something to be said; some one to be seen. What is it? who is it? I cannot recollect."

She placed her disengaged hand on her brow. She pushed back her head a little and gave a sigh of relief as she felt the keen air on her temples. Poor girl! after what she had that day gone through, no wonder her mind refused to recall trivial details and petty arrangements to be made before she joined me. Sleep and the certainty of my sympathy and protection would no doubt restore her wandering memory.

However, although I again and again urged her to change her mind, she was firm in her resolve to come to me alone. At last, very reluctantly, I was obliged to give way on this point; but I was determined to see this Mrs. Wilson to-night; so when we reached the house I entered with Philippa.

I told her there was no occasion for her to be present at my interview with the hostess. She looked frightfully weary, and at my suggestion went straight to her room to retire for the night. I sat down and waited the advent of Mrs. Wilson. She soon appeared.

A woman of about five and thirty; well but plainly dressed. As I glanced at her with some curiosity, I decided that when young she must, after a certain type of beauty, have been extremely good looking. Unfortunately here was one of those faces cast in an aquiline mold—faces which, as soon as the bloom of youth is lost or the owners thereof turn to thinness, become, as a rule, sharp, strained, hungry and severe-looking. Whatever the woman's charms might once have been, she could now boast of very few.

There were lines around her mouth and on her brow which told of suffering; and, as I judged it, not the calm, resigned suffering, which often leaves a sweet if sad expression on the face; but fierce, rebellious, constrained suffering, such as turns a young heart into an old one long before its time.

As she entered the room and bowed to me her face expressed surprise at seeing a visitor who was a stranger to her. I apologized for the lateness of my call; then hastened to tell her its object. She listened with polite impassibility. She made no comment when I repeatedly spoke of my so-styled sister as Lady Ferrand. It was clear that, as Philippa had said, Mrs. Wilson was convinced as to the valid nature of the marriage. I inveighed roundly against Sir Mervyn Ferrand's heartless conduct and scandalous neglect of his wife. My hearer shrugged her shoulders, and the meaning conveyed by the action was that, although she regretted family jars, they were no concern of hers. She seemed quite without interest in the matter; yet a suspicion that she was acting, indeed rather over-acting, a part, crossed my mind once or twice.

When I told her it was Lady Ferrand's intention to place herself to-morrow under my protection, she simply bowed. When I said that most likely we should leave England, and for a while travel on the continent, she said that my sister's health would no doubt be much benefited by the change.

"I may mention," she added, for the first time taking any real part in the talk, "that your sister's state is not quite all it should be. For the last day or two I have been thinking of sending for the medical man who attended her during her unfortunate confinement. He has not seen her for quite a week. I mentioned it to her this afternoon; but she appears to have taken an unaccountable dislike to him, and utterly refused to see him. I do not wish to alarm you—I merely mention this; no doubt you, her brother, will see to it."

The peculiar stress she laid upon the word "brother" told me that I was right in thinking the woman was acting, and that not for one moment did my assumed fraternity deceive her. This was of no consequence.

"I am myself a doctor. Her

health will be my care," I said. Then I rose.

"You are related to Sir Mervyn Ferrand, I believe, Mrs. Wilson?" I asked.

She gave me a quick look which might mean anything. "We are connections," she said carelessly. "You must have been surprised at Sir Mervyn's actions. He wrote to me and told me that knowing my circumstances were straitened, he had recommended a lady to come and live with me for a few months. When I found this lady was his wife, I own I was for once, surprised."

From the emphasis which she laid on certain words, I knew it was but the fact of Philippa's being married to the scoundrel that surprised her, nothing else. I could see that Mrs. Wilson knew Sir Mervyn Ferrand thoroughly, and something told me that her relations with him were of a nature which might not bear investigation.

I bade her good-night, and walked back to my cottage with a heart in which sorrow, pity, love, hatred, exultation, and it may be, hope, were strangely and inextricably mingled.

CHAPTER III.

"THE WAGES OF SIN."

Morning! No books; no idle, listless hours for me to-day. Plenty to do, plenty to think about; all sorts of arrangements to make. Farewell to my aimless, selfish existence. Henceforward I should have something worth living for—worth dying for, if needs be! Philippa was coming to me to-day; coming in grief, it is true; coming as a sister comes to a brother. Ah! after all the weary, weary waiting I shall see her to-day—to-morrow, every day! If a man's devotion, homage, worship, and respect can in her own eyes reinstate my queen, I shall some day see the bloom come back to her cheek, the bright smile play once more round her mouth, the dark eyes again eloquent with happy thoughts. And then—and then! what should I care for the world or its sneers? To whom, save myself, should I be answerable? Then I might whisper in her ear, "Sweet, let the past vanish from our lives as a dream. Let happiness date from to-day."

Although Philippa would grace my poor cottage for one night only, I had a thousand preparations to make for her comfort. Fortunately I had a spare room, and moreover, a furnished one. Not that I should have troubled, when I went into my seclusion about such a superfluity as a guest-chamber; but as it happened I had bought the house and the furniture complete; so could offer my welcome guest fair accommodations for the night.

I summoned my stolid man. I told him that my sister was coming on a visit to me; that she would sleep here to-night, but that most likely we should go away to-morrow. He could stay and look after the house until I returned or sent him instructions what to do with it. William manifested no surprise. Had I told him to make preparations for the coming of my wife and five children, he would have considered it all a part of the day's work, and would have done his best to meet my requirements. He set to work in his imperturbable, methodical, but handy way to get Philippa's room in trim. As soon as this was done, and the neglected chamber made cozy and warm looking, I told him to borrow a horse and cart somewhere, and fetch the luggage from Mrs. Wilson's. He was to mention no names; simply to say that he had come for the luggage, and to ask if the lady had any message to send.

Then I sat down in the room which my love would occupy, and mused upon the strange but unhappy chance which was bringing her beneath my roof. I wished that I had an enchanter's wand to turn the humble garniture of the chamber into surroundings meet for my queenly Philippa. I wished

that I had, at least, flowers with which I could deck her resting place; for I remembered how passionately she loved flowers. Alas! I had not seen a flower for months.

Then I drew out Sir Mervyn Ferrand's letter read it again and again, and cursed the writer in my heart.

William was away about two hours; then he made his appearance with some boxes. I was delighted to see these tangible signs that Philippa meant to keep her promise. Till that moment I had been troubled by something like the doubt that after all she might, upon calm reflection, rescind the resolution formed in her excitement. Now her coming seemed to be a certainty.

Nevertheless, William brought no message; so there was nothing for me to do but wait patiently until she chose to cross my threshold.

Although my pleasing labors of love were ended, I was not left idle. There was another task to be done to-day. I set my teeth and sat down, thinking quietly as to the way in which it might be best performed. To-night I meant to stand face to face with that black-hearted scoundrel known as Sir Mervyn Ferrand.

I consulted the time table. His letter named no particular hour; but I saw that if he carried out his expressed intention of being here to-night, there was but one train by which he could come; there was but one way from Rodding to the house at which Philippa had been staying. He meant to walk, his letter said; this might be in order to escape observation. The train was due at Rodding at seven o'clock. The weather was cold; a man would naturally walk fast. Mrs. Wilson's house must be four miles from the station. Let me start from there just before the train arrives, and I should probably meet him about half way on his journey. It would be dark, but I should know him. I should know him among a thousand. There on the open lonely road Sir Mervyn Ferrand, coming gayly, and in his worldly cynicism certain of cajoling, buying off, or in some other way silencing the woman who had in an evil day trusted to his honor and love, would meet, not her, but the man who from the first had sworn that a wrong to Philippa should be more than a wrong to himself! He would meet this man and be called to account.

Stern and sinister as were my thoughts—freely and unreservedly as I record them: as indeed I endeavor in this tale to record everything—I do not wish to be misjudged. It is true that in my present mood I was bent upon avenging Philippa with my own hand; true that I meant, if possible, to take at some time or another this man's life; but at least no thought of taking any advantage of an unarmed and unsuspecting man entered into my scheme of vengeance. I designed no murderous attack. But it was my intention to stop the man on his path; to confront him and tell him that his villainy was known to me; that Philippa had fled to me for aid; that she was now in my custody; and that I, who stood in the position of her brother, demanded the so-called satisfaction which, by the old-fashioned code of honor, was due from the man who had ruthlessly betrayed a woman. Well I knew that it was probable he would laugh at me—tell me that the days of dueling were over, and refuse to grant my request. Then I meant to see if insults could warm his noble blood; if my hand on his cheek could bring about the result which I desired. If this failed, I would follow him abroad, cane and spit upon him in public places.

A wild scheme for these prosaic law-abiding days; yet the only one that was feasible. It may be said that I should have taken steps to have caused the miscreant to be arrested for bigamy. But what proof of his crime had we as

yet, save his own, unsigned confession? Who was to move in the matter—Philippa—myself? We did not even know where this wife of whom he had spoken lived, or where she died. There were a hundred ways in which he might escape from justice, but whether he was punished for his sin or allowed to go scot-free, Philippa's name and wrongs must be bruited about, her shame made public. No; there was but one course to take, and but one person to take it. It rested with me to avenge the wrongs of the woman I loved by the good old-fashioned way of a life against a life.

Truly, as I said, I had now plenty to live for!

The hours went by, yet Philippa came not. I grew restless and uneasy as the dusk began to make the road, up which I gazed almost continually, dim and indistinct. When the short winter's day was over, and the long dark night had fairly begun, my restlessness turned into fear. I walked out of my house and paced my garden to and fro. I blamed myself for having yielded so lightly to Philippa's wish—her command rather—that I should on no account fetch her. But then, whenever did I resist a wish, much less a command, of hers? Oh, that I had been firm once!

The snow-storm of the previous evening had not lasted long—not long enough to thoroughly whiten the world. The day had been fine and frosty, but I knew that the wind had changed which I felt sure presaged a heavy downfall of snow or rain. There was a moon, a full moon; for clouds were flying across it, dark clouds, which I guessed would soon gather coherence and volume, and veil entirely that bright face, which now only showed itself at irregular intervals.

The minutes were passing away I grew nervous and excited. Why does she not come? My hope had been to see my poor girl safely housed before I started to execute my other task. Why does she not come? Time, precious time, is slipping by! In the hope of meeting her, I walked for some distance up the road. "Why does she delay?" I groaned. Even now I should be on my way to Rodding, or I may miss my prey. Heavens! can it be that she is waiting to see this man once more? Never! never! Perish the thought!

But, all the same, every fiber in my body quivered at the bare supposition of such a thing. I could bear the suspense no longer. For the hundredth time I glanced at my watch. It wanted but ten minutes to seven o'clock, and at that hour I had resolved to start from Mrs. Wilson's, on my way to Rodding. Yet now I dared not leave my own house. Any moment might bring Philippa. What would she think if I was not there to receive and welcome her?

Five more precious moments gone! I stamped in my rage. After all, I can only do one-half of my task; the sweet, but not the stern half. Shall I, indeed, do either? The train must now be close to Rodding. In an hour everything may be lost. The man will see her before she leaves the house. He will persuade her. She will listen to his words; for did he not once love her? He must have loved her! After all, he broke the laws for the sake of possessing her, and—cursed thought—she loved him then; and she is but a woman!

So I tortured myself until my state of mind grew unbearable. At all hazards I must prevent Ferrand from meeting Philippa. Oh, why had she not come as she promised? Could it be she was detained against her will? In spite of her uninterested manner, I distrusted the woman I had seen last night. It is now past seven o'clock. Philippa's house, from which I had reckoned my time, was nearly three miles away. I must go in search of Philippa. If I do not meet her I must call at Mrs. Wilson's, find out what detains her, and if needful bear her away by force.

By this time my steps had brought me back to my own house. I called William, and told him I was going to walk up the road and meet my expected guest. If by any chance I should miss her, he was to welcome her on my behalf, and tell her the reason for my absence.

"Best take a lantern, sir," said William; "moon'll be hidden, and them roads is precious rough."

"I can't be bothered with that great horn affair," I said rather testily.

"Take the little one—the bull's eye—that's better than nothing," said William. To humor him I put it into my pocket.

I ran at the top of speed to the house at which I had last night left Philippa. It took me nearly half an hour getting there. I rang the bell impatiently. The door was opened by a maid-servant. I inquired for Mrs. Ferrand, knowing that Philippa had passed under this name to all except her hostess. To my surprise I was told that she had left the house, on foot and alone, some little while ago. The maid believed she was not going to return, as her luggage had that morning been sent for.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits.—B. F. Henry Druggist.

School Report.

Second and last report of Pleasant Ridge or Prough school commencing the 16th of May 1892, and ending 10th of June. Number of pupils enrolled during the month 22; average daily attendance 18; number of days taught 20; those that were present every day during the month were Dora and Alta Bell, Alta Harris, Alta, and Hattie Munn, Charlie and Clinton Harris.

TERM REPORT—Commencing April 18th, and ending June 10th; average daily attendance 18; those that were present every day during the term were: Dora and Alta Bell, Alta and Hattie Munn, and Charlie Harris. There were 60 present during the last day, had an elegant dinner and ate it in the Grove near the cemetery.

BYRD M. LINDER, Teacher.

The man who can rejoice in the Lord always never has to go to the circus or the theatre to be happy.

The Homeliest Man in Kirksville.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

What do you suppose angels think of a mother who is more anxious about the shape of her hat than she is about whether her children's souls are saved or not?

You Should not be Without It.

Every family is liable to have a hereditary taint of consumption in it. It may date back 3 or even 4 generations. This fact makes it necessary always to have on hand a remedy with which to combat this formidable disease. A cough when taken at first can readily be cured before it gets a serious hold on the lungs. Ballard's Horehound Syrup when taken in its early stages will cure consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of the throat, lungs and chest, such as consumption, inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc. It is pleasant to take, perfectly safe and can always be depended on. Sold by Smith & Dunkin.

A Victory for Kirksville.

Properly adjusted spectacles and eye-glasses are something that the people of Kirksville have long been in need of.

Prof. H. Hirschberg the well known optician of 629 Olive street, St. Louis, has appointed W. G. Fout, agent for his celebrated Diamond and Non-Changeable Spectacles and Eye-Glasses where a complete assortment can be found. Prof. H. Hirschberg will remain in Kirksville from May 18 until May 21 and all those in need of properly adjusted spectacles and eye glasses should avail themselves of this opportunity. Examination of eyes free of charge. f

The christian at his worst is better than the sinner at his best.